




四百万

THE FOUR
MILLION



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高等学校文科英语泛读教材

四 百 万

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内 容 简 介

《四百万》是美国杰出的批判现实主义作家欧·亨利的代表作，出版于1906年。本书将其中的二十五篇短篇小说全部收入，并加上语言难点注释、参考译文、对作家及部分作品的简要评介，可以作为高等学校文科英语泛读教材，也可供大、中学校英语教师及外国文学爱好者阅读。

在这部短篇小说集中，欧·亨利以现实主义的手法和人道主义的思想生动地描绘了当时纽约的四百万饥贫无告的小市民的众生相；揭露了美元世界的贪婪、欺诈；抨击了金钱至上的巨商富贾；赞颂了普通人美好的人性和纯真的爱情。故事内容引人入胜，文笔流畅，书中许多名篇已被译成各种文字，作者的创作方法对世界文学创作也有相当的影响。

关于欧·亨利和他的《四百万》

欧·亨利是美国杰出的短篇小说大师，批判现实主义作家。他的真名是威廉·西德尼·波特（William Sydney Porter）。他于1862年生于北卡罗来纳州一个贫穷的医生家里，幼年读书不多，十五岁即在他叔父药房里当学徒，以后当过牧童，干过会计员、办事员和出纳员。1901年开始从事写作直到1910年病逝。

欧·亨利一生大部分时间生活在贫民窟、小食馆和工场中，经历过颠沛流离、穷愁潦倒的生活，接触过形形色色的人物，掌握了丰富的创作素材。他同情小市民，憎恨压迫者和寄生虫，他的作品人称能以“含泪的微笑”抚慰受创伤的小人物。他抨击资本主义残忍的法律和虚伪的道德。作品诙谐有趣，引人入胜；他的小说往往一开篇就能引起读者的兴趣，并且把紧张的气氛一直保持下去，当你想知究竟时，结局又往往出人意料。他的作品可谓是美国生活的“幽默的百科全书”。

短篇小说集《四百万》出版于1906年，共有短篇小说25篇。这一集子是作者的代表作，其中有数篇系享有世界声誉的精品，如：《警察与赞美诗》、《麦琪的礼物》、《爱的效劳》等。《四百万》是作者细致观察了当时纽约四百万饥贫无告的小市民的生活之后写成的。由于他无限同情下层人民，又掌握丰富的材料，所以他能写出情节离奇、语言幽默含蓄、许多事件偶合、内容曲折深邃、结局出奇、引人深思的好作品。这里，他抨击了认为钱能通神的肥皂大王（《财神与爱神》）；无情地讽刺唯利是图，忘掉一切，甚至荒唐到向新婚妻子求婚的投机商（《忙碌经纪人的浪漫史》）；沉重地鞭笞了为牟利而视人命为儿戏的女房东（《配备家俱的房间》）。然而在那简约明快的短篇里读者还可以聆听到令人赞赏不已、动人如诗的讴歌。他讴歌对

生活的向往、对美的追求和爱情的始终如一。在大师笔下人性美常常出现在生活底层人物身上。你看一家小孩走失了，街坊听到了母亲的哭声都一齐为她操心(《回合之间》)；一位新娘甘愿让自己的丈夫蒙受皮肉之苦，帮助别人的爱人逃脱警察的追捕(《新婚的姊妹们》)；一个贫病交加等待死神光临的失业女郎，在困难的时刻得到富有同情心的小伙子解囊相助。当要辞别时，他面对姑娘羞怯而哀婉的目光说道：“哦，我明天还来，看看你身体怎么样，你想撇开我，没那么容易。”多么高尚的心灵！救人危难，却还使对方觉得心安理得(《绿门》)；腰缠万贯的庸俗木材商意欲占去三个相依为命的青年人的好友，漂亮的女侍者米丽，而米丽是他们生活中美好的象征和希望，岂能容他夺去，于是三人通力合作灌醉了那个阔佬，使米丽得到解脱(《天然调节》)；圣诞节来临，为了送给自己心上人一件礼物，夫妻双方各自舍弃自己宝爱之物换来的东西，对方却又都暂时用不上，这情节多么凄楚(《麦琪的礼物》)；为了挣钱让爱人攻研艺术，夫妻俩相互欺瞒对方，一个为人熨衣服，一个为人烧锅炉，各自为了对方作出最大的牺牲，然而仍然无法成全他们的志向(《爱的效劳》)。用独特的风格讴歌人性美和纯真的爱情，鞭笞奸佞和邪恶使欧·亨利的作品成为异香流动的花朵。

《四百万》也以语言精粹、文字简约见长。它那小巧玲珑的篇章象散发着浓郁的生活气息的群花，也宛如多面光华四射的明镜，栩栩如生地反映出美元世界的众生相。作者笔锋辛辣犀利，比喻巧妙得体，善于小中见大，一般中见不一般，通过极平凡的生活琐事，发掘出深邃的生活哲理。他写的无论是喜剧还是悲剧都丝丝入扣，真切动人，读来令人想笑，欲悲，然笑中有悲，悲中含笑。他那鞭辟入里的分析、细腻入微的描写、妙趣横溢的比喻，特别是小说的结尾，更是别具一格，当你心神贯注，为故事情节所吸引，喟然而叹，扶颊沉思，感慨动颜之时，小说忽然激流直转向出人意料的结局奔突而出。但在惊奇之余，若将通篇首尾仔细玩味，又能悟到这是意料之外、情理之中的必然。正是由于这种结尾的提挈，通篇小说才隐端毕露，真相大白，生动传神，令人读来如橄榄在口，余味无穷。

当然，欧·亨利有一些作品写作技巧高超，思想上却有些浅薄，谈不上能触动资本主义的要害。但是他能以独特的风格，写了三百余篇小说，给我们留下如此丰富的遗产，揭示了生活中的真谛，晓喻世人，教育后代。对

于这样杰出的作家,由于时代和他个人世界观上的局限性而产生的一些缺点,我们怎能作过分的苛求呢?欧·亨利使用的批判现实主义的写作方法,对于当时和现在的世界文学都留下影响,这是我们必须认真研究,虚心学习的。

陈 华 何晓曦

于厦门大学白城

1988年7月

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Tobin's Palm

Tobin and me, the two of us, went down to Coney^① one day, for there was four dollars between us, and Tobin had need of distractions. For there was Katie Mahorner, his sweetheart, of County Sligo, lost since she started for America three months before with two hundred dollars, her own savings, and one hundred dollars from the sale of Tobin's inherited estate, a fine cottage and pig on the Bog Shannaugh. And since the letter that Tobin got saying that she had started to come to him not a bit of news had he heard or seen of Katie Mahorner. Tobin advertised in the papers, but nothing could be found of the colleen.^②

So, to Coney me and Tobin went, thinking that a turn at the chutes^③ and the smell of the popcorn might raise the heart in his bosom. But Tobin was a hard-headed man, and the sadness stuck in his skin. He ground his teeth at the crying balloons; he cursed the moving pictures; and, though he would drink whenever asked, he scorned Punch and Judy^④ and was for licking the tintype men^⑤ as they came.

So I gets him down a side way on a board walk^⑥ where the attractions were some less violent. At a little six by eight

stall Tobin halts, with a more human look in his eye.

"'Tis here," says he, "I will be diverted. I'll have the palm of me hand^⑦ investigated by the wonderful palmist of the Nile, and see if what is to be will be."

Tobin was a believer in signs and the unnatural in nature. He possessed illegal convictions in his mind^⑧ along the subjects of black cats, lucky numbers, and the weather predictions in the papers.

We went into the enchanted chicken coop, which was fixed mysterious with red cloth and pictures of hands with lines crossing 'em like a railroad centre. The sign over the door says it is Madame Zozo the Egyptian Palmist. There was a fat woman inside in a red jumper^⑨ with pothooks and beasties embroidered upon it. Tobin gives her ten cents and extends one of his hands. She lifts Tobin's hand, which is own brother to the hoof of a drayhorse, and examines it to see whether 'tis a stone in the frog^⑩ or a cast shoe^⑪ he has come for.

"Man," says this Madame Zozo, "the line of your fate shows—"

"'Tis not me foot at all"^⑫says Tobin, interrupting. "Sure, 'tis no beauty, but ye hold the palm of me hand."

"The line shows," says the Madame, "that ye've not arrived at your time of life without bad luck. And there's more to come. The mount of Venus^⑬—or is that a stone bruise?—shows that, ye've been in love. There's been trouble in your life on account of your sweetheart."

"'Tis Katie Mahorner she has references with," whispers

Tobin to me in a loud voice to one side

"I see," says the palmist, "a great deal of sorrow and tribulation with one whom ye cannot forget. I see the lines of designation point to the letter K and the letter M in her name."

"Whist!" says Tobin to me; "do ye hear that?"

"Look out," goes on the palmist, "for a dark man and a light woman; for they'll both bring ye trouble. Ye'll make a voyage upon the water very soon, and have a financial loss. I see one line that brings good luck. There's a man coming into your life who will fetch ye good fortune. Ye'll know him when ye see him by his crooked nose."

"Is his name set down?" asks Tobin. "'Twill be convenient in the way of greeting when he backs up to dump off the good luck."

"His name," says the palmist, thoughtful looking, "is not spelled out by the lines, but they indicate 'tis a long one, and the letter 'o' should be in it. There's no more to tell. Good-evening. Don't block up the door."

"'Tis wonderful how she knows," says Tobin as we walk to the pier.

As we squeezed through the gates a nigger man sticks his lighted segar against Tobin's ear, and there is trouble. Tobin hammers his neck, and the women squeal, and by presence of mind I drag the little man out of the way before the police comes. Tobin is always in an ugly mood when enjoying himself.

On the boat going back, when the man calls "Who wants the good-looking waiter?"^⑬ Tobin tried to plead guilty, feel-

ing the desire to blow the foam off a crock of suds out when he felt in his pocket he found himself discharged for lack of evidence.¹⁴ Somebody had disturbed his change during the commotion. So we sat, dry, upon the stools, listening to the Dagoes fiddling on deck. If anything, Tobin was lower in spirits and less congenial with his misfortunes than when we started.

On a seat against the railing was a young woman dressed suitable for red automobiles, with hair the colour of an unsmoked meerschaum. In passing by Tobin kicks her foot without intentions, and, being polite to ladies when in drink, he tries to give his hat a twist while apologizing. But he knocks it off, and the wind carries it overboard.

Tobin came back and sat down, and I began to look out for him, for the man's adversities were becoming frequent. He was apt, when pushed so close by hard luck, to kick the best dressed man he could see, and try to take command of the boat.

Presently Tobin grabs my arm and says, excited: "Jawn," says he, "do ye know what we're doing? We're taking a voyage upon the water."

"There now," says I; "subdue yeself. The boat'll land in ten minutes more."

"Look," says he, "at the light lady upon the bench. And have ye forgotten the nigger man that burned me ear? And isn't the money I had gone—a dollar sixty-five it was?"

I thought he was no more than summing up his catastrophes so as to get violent with good excuse, as men will do, and

I tried to make him understand such things was trifles.

"Listen," says Tobin. "Ye've no ear for the gift of prophecy or the miracles of the inspired. What did the palmist lady tell ye out of me hand? 'Tis coming true before your eyes. 'Look out,' says she, 'for a dark man and a light woman; they'll bring ye trouble.' Have ye forgot the nigger man, though he got some of it back from me fist? Can ye show me a lighter woman than the blonde lady that was the cause of me hat falling in the water? And where's the dollar sixty-five I had in me vest when we left the shooting gallery?"

The way Tobin put it, it did seem to corroborate the art of prediction, though it looked to me that these accidents could happen to any one at Coney without the implication of palmistry.

Tobin got up and walked around on deck, looking close at the passengers out of his little red eyes. I asked him the interpretation of his movements. Ye never know what Tobin has in his mind until he begins to carry it out.

"Ye should know," says he, "I'm working out the salvation promised by the lines in me palm. I'm looking for the crooked-nose man that's to bring the good luck. 'Tis all that will save us. Jawn, did ye ever see a straighter-nosed gang of hellions in the days of your life?"

'Twas the nine-thirty boat, and we landed and walked uptown through Twenty-second Street, Tobin being without his hat.

On a street corner, standing under a gas-light and looking

over the elevated road¹⁵ at the moon, was a man. A long man he was, dressed decent, with a segar between his teeth, and I saw that his nose made two twists from bridge to end, like the wriggle of a snake. Tobin saw it at the same time, and I heard him breathe hard like a horse when you take the saddle off. He went straight up to the man, and I went with him.

"Good-night to ye," Tobin says to the man. The man takes out a segar and passes the compliments, sociable.

"Would ye hand us your name," asks Tobin, "and let us look at the size of it? It may be our duty to become acquainted with ye."

"My name," says the man, polite, "is Friedenhausman—Maximus G. Friedenhausman."

"'Tis the right length," says Tobin. "Do you spell it with an 'o' anywhere down the stretch of it?"

"I do not," says the man.

"*Can* ye spell it with an 'o'?" inquires Tobin, turning anxious.

"If your conscience," says the man with the nose, "is indisposed toward foreign idioms ye might, to please yourself, smuggle the letter into the penultimate syllable."

"'Tis well," says Tobin. "Ye're in the presence of Jawn Malone and Daniel Tobin."

"'Tis highly appreciated," says the man, with a bow. "And now since I cannot conceive that ye would hold a spelling bee upon the street corner, will ye name some reasonable excuse for being at large?"

"By the two signs," answers Tobin, trying to explain, "which ye display according to the reading of the Egyptian palmist from the sole of me hand, ye've been nominated to offset with good luck the lines of trouble leading to the nigger man and the blonde lady with her feet crossed in the boat, besides the financial loss of a dollar sixty-five, all so far fulfilled according to Hoyle."¹⁶

The man stopped smoking and looked at me.

"Have ye any amendments," he asks, "to offer to that statement, or are ye one too? I thought by the looks of ye ye might have him in charge."

"None," says I to him, "except that as one horseshoe resembles another so are ye the picture of good luck as predicted by the hand of me friend. If not, then the lines of Danny's hand may have been crossed, I don't know."

"There's two of ye," says the man with the nose, looking up and down for the sight of a policeman. "I've enjoyed your company immense. Good-night."

With that he shoves his segar in his mouth and moves across the street, stepping fast. But Tobin sticks close to one side of him and me at the other.

"What!" says he, stopping on the opposite sidewalk and pushing back his hat; "do ye follow me? I tell ye," he says, very loud, "I'm proud to have met ye. But it is my desire to be rid of ye. I am off to me home."

"Do," says Tobin, leaning against his sleeve. "Do be off to your home. And I will sit at the door of it till ye come out in the morning. For the dependence is upon ye to obviate the

curse of the nigger man and the blonde lady and the financial loss of the one-sixty-five."

"'Tis a strange hallucination," says the man, turning to me as a more reasonable lunatic. "Hadn't ye better get him home?"

"Listen, man," says I to him. "Daniel Tobin is as sensible as he ever was. Maybe he is a bit deranged on account of having drink enough to disturb but not enough to settle his wits, but he is no more than following out the legitimate path of his superstitions and predicaments, which I will explain to you." With that I relates the facts about the palmist lady and how the finger of suspicion points to him as an instrument of good fortune. "Now, understand," I concludes, "my position in this riot. I am the friend of me friehd Tobin, according to me interpretations. 'Tis easy to be a friend to the prosperous, for it pays; 'tis not hard to be a friend to the poor, for ye get puffed up by gratitude and have your picture printed standing in front of a tenement with a scuttle of coal and an orphan in each hand. But it strains the art of friendship to be true friend to a born fool. And that's what I'm doing," says I, "for, in my opinion, there's no fortune to be read from the palm of me hand that wasn't printed there with the handle of a pick. And, though ye've got the crookedest nose in New York City, I misdoubt that all the fortune-tellers doing business could milk good luck from ye. But the lines of Danny's hand pointed to ye fair, and I'll assist him to experiment with ye until he's convinced ye're dry."

After that the man turns, sudden, to laughing. He leans against a corner and laughs considerable. Then he claps me and Tobin on the backs of us and takes us by an arm apiece.

"'Tis my mistake," says he. "How could I be expecting anything so fine and wonderful to be turning the corner upon me? I came near being found unworthy. Hard by," says he, "is a café, snug and suitable for the entertainment of idiosyncrasies. Let us go there and have a drink while we discuss the unavailability of the categorical."

So saying, he marched me and Tobin to the back room of a saloon, and ordered the drinks, and laid the money on the table. He looks at me and Tobin like brothers of his, and we have the segars.

"Ye must know," says the man of destiny, "that me walk in life is one that is called the literary. I wander abroad be night seeking idiosyncrasies in the masses and truth in the heavens above. When ye came upon me I was in contemplation of the elevated road in conjunction with the chief luminary of night. The rapid transit is poetry and art: the moon but a tedious, dry body, moving by rote. But these are private opinions, for, in the business of literature, the conditions are reversed. 'Tis me hope to be writing a book to explain the strange things I have discovered in life."

"Ye will put me in a book," says Tobin disgusted; "will ye put me in a book?"

"I will not," says the man, "for the covers will not hold ye. Not yet. The best I can do is to enjoy ye meself, for the time